

The Herald and News.

VOL XLVII NO. 86

NEWBERRY, S. C. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1909

TWICE A WEEK. \$1.50 A YEAR

ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS.

News Briefly Told.—Gathered From In and Out of the State, Nation and World.

It is estimated that the plurality for Gaynor will reach 60,000 or more. It appears that Tammany has elected head of ticket, but lost the officials who control purse strings of the City. Hearst ran a poor third. Estimates from 900 election districts placed him 32,000 behind Bannard, who in turn was 39,563 behind Gaynor.

Chairman A. M. Rodway, of the republican central committee, has issued a statement claiming the majority election of Herman Baehr, republican. Mayor Johnson, democrat, has been notified that Baehr has carried the city. Johnson is now serving his fourth term as mayor of Cleveland.

The Geographic Society hails Peary's feat, and votes him a gold medal for discovering the North Pole. Experts agree as to the Commander's achievement, after passing on his records and inspecting his instruments. A sub-committee of experts has been appointed to probe in to the matter of Dr. Cook's discovery, with authority to send for such papers and make such journeys as may be necessary to arrive at some definite understanding.

At the regular fall meeting of the Carnegie Hero Fund commission Wednesday, fifty persons through this country and Canada were rewarded for acts of bravery and illustrious conduct.

The balloon, Melba II, with Capt. John Berry as pilot and Miss Julia Horner as aide, ascended at St. Louis Wednesday, in an effort to secure the Lahm cup.

Dusty, and travel-sore the caravan of autoists reached Atlanta in a blaze of glory, shortly after one o'clock Wednesday. This is the most successful cross country tour ever inaugurated.

Judge Mann's majority for governor of Virginia is about twenty-five thousand. The legislative result assures the re-election of John W. Daniel to the United States Senate.

Thirty of the students of the Georgia Military Academy who were poisoned last week, are still in bed but are reported to be doing very well.

George W. Murray the colored congressman of Sumter, is now in Chicago pending negotiations for his extradition to this State. Murray was convicted of forgery in Sumter in 1904 and there is an indictment against him charging perjury. The petition asks for a pardon on the condition that he remain out of the State. The paper has a large number of signatures.

Congressman Wyatt Aiken of the Third District of South Carolina, declared Tuesday that he would introduce a bill for prohibition in the District of Columbia, at the next session of Congress. Mr. Aiken is a member of the house committee on the District of Columbia, and he believes the prohibition in the South wherever it has been tried has proven beneficial to the people.

A young rattle snake with two perfectly formed and developed heads, each head displaying a forked tongue of lively characteristics, was found by a negro farmer at Runnymede on the Anny river.

L. C. Wheeler of the United States secret service arrived in the City of Charleston Monday and met the committees in charge of the arrangements for the reception of the President, going over the plans and making suggestions such amendments as will better insure the safety of the president on his visit.

Capt. George B. Dean, aged 70 years, died at his home in Spartanburg, Tuesday morning after a long

illness. Capt. Dean was prominent in politics of the county for many years, representing the county in Legislature, and for eight years was sheriff of the county. Before his death he was one of the most successful farmers in the county.

Gov. Ansel was Tuesday notified by the navy department that the battle ship "South Carolina" will not be completed until the 15th of January, and that it will be two or three months before she can be gotten into shape to be sent to Charleston for the ceremonies incident to the presentation of the silver service. The presentation of the silver service, which will cost \$5,000 will have to be postponed until a later date, and the desire of Governor Ansel to have the members of the legislature attend the fete in a body will have to be called off.

At Hamburg on Monday what nearly proved to be a fatal accident occurred, when an aeroplane that was being driven by a mechanic Pequet, began to burn and a moment afterward the benzine tank exploded. Pequet succeeded in gliding to the earth, but the danger of burning to death was so pressing that he jumped from the machine while it was fifteen or twenty feet from the ground and sustained injuries about the chest which are probably not serious.

News was received Monday morning from Dr. J. P. Crawford, of Nashville, Tenn. of the sad death of his oldest child, Edward, who was scalded a few days ago by hot tea, and died from the effects of the burn Monday morning. Dr. Crawford is a native of York County, and a former resident of Rock Hill. Mrs. Crawford before her marriage was Miss Jennie Russell, of Rock Hill.

Prof. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, the noted aeronaut and scientist, and head of Mount Lowe observatory near Pasadena, Cal., has planned to circumnavigate the globe in a dirigible balloon, without stopping to replenish the hydrogen. He is now at work on this air craft, designed to accomplish this remarkable feat.

A. Eugene Byrne, a fourth year man at the United States Military Academy, who received injuries in a game of foot ball at West Point, died Sunday morning in the citadel hospital at 6.30 o'clock. He was only twenty-one years old, but was a veteran of the army foot ball team, and was a resident of Buffalo, N. Y.

Twelve men were killed in the Cambria Steel company's coal mine, two miles from Johnstown, Pa., Sunday night as a result of what is supposed to have been a dynamite explosion. All the dead are foreigners. Three men escaped by a perilous climb on life ladders through poisonous mine gas and falling slate up the walls of the main shaft. At the time of the explosion only fifteen men were at work in the mine.

THE IDLER

I have been thinking a good deal during the past few days about the matter contained in the article or questions of Uncle Briggs. Now in the first place I want to congratulate Uncle Briggs for his good sense in agreeing with me about "flip," but I must confess that his admission that he does not know what the game is almost argues him a thousand years behind these times. I'll bet—that is if it is not against the statutes—that every boy from Newberry to Smokey Town can tell him all about the game. But that is not here nor there. Uncle Briggs knows all about "hull gull, hand full" and that draws him near to me. Just to hear it mentioned recalls pleasant memories of the good old times at the old country school house when we took our dinner in a tin bucket and our molasses in a small bottle and made a hole with our thumb in the biscuit and filled the hole with molasses from the bottle and were happy all the day long. We went to

school then at eight o'clock in the morning and remained there until five o'clock in the afternoon. You remember that, don't you. Uncle Briggs? Well, those were the good old days when we learned the alphabet before we learned to read. But not so now.

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But I am getting off the subject. Uncle Briggs wants to know what I think about selling the old court house. Well, I think it ought to be used for something, or it ought to be pulled down. But why not let the country people permit it to be used for a public library for the entire county. The people of the country could get the benefit of it. But if the sentiment of the country people is against that then I think the city people ought to buy it and make a public library out of it, or a Y. M. C. A., and get enough of the public square surrounding it to make a pretty park and then let the ladies from the country use it for a rest room. I mean make it so, there would be several nice rooms one of which could be used by the ladies from the country to refresh themselves when they come to town. I think I made the suggestion of a rest room. If I didn't it is a good suggestion all the same. Uncle Briggs is mistaken. A good many ladies come here and spend several hours and a good comfortable place such as here suggested would be a great convenience to them and then this building is so centrally located it would be very convenient. But if the county is going to sell it for this purpose the price ought to be very small because it would be used for public purposes. Suppose Uncle Briggs ask the Newberry chamber of commerce to take this matter up and let the business men discuss it. You know I am so far removed from business life that I am scarcely a competent judge and my advice would not be very valuable. Something ought to be done. I expect the newspapers are to blame. They should keep us people informed. And you know sometimes by being quiet on the subject the people don't know just what to do. I mean the newspapers keeping quiet—they don't often keep quiet—the people were left in the dark. Then we can put it on the newspapers any way. That is a good way to get out of our part of the responsibility. But let the legislature submit the question to the people or better still pass an act authorizing the building sold. What's the use of having representatives if they must submit every little question like this to a vote of the people to tell them what to do. Why not go ahead and do something.

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Wasn't that a light vote on the bond election? Did you ever hear of such a thing? Forty people voting forty thousand dollars in bonds on our children. Just think of it. I often wonder why our city people take so little interest in city affairs. Well, I hope the thing is fixed right this time and that the commissioners may be able to go ahead with the extension of the sewerage system.

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Mr. Idler: Recently I enjoyed a constitutional through a short cut of not more than 20 homes but remarkable from the fact that on this street are three churches, one on a corner that was built before the war, the other opposite a beautiful edifice, the one in the centre of the street, also a fine new house of worship. All have their distinct forms and ritual of the old world faith of their fathers. Belief in Calvinistic doctrine, the singing of Psalms of David, and the prayer book of the church of England. The church is a relic of the old world transplanted to America, all have still the religious sentiment that mark their faith and practice in Scotland and England. Maybe, Mr. Idler, you got your idea as to pie eating from the fact of this peculiar dissenting church view that could not partake with others. But it is a truth that royalty enjoys game pie. King Edward is especially fond of this dish and his chief cook is paid a larger salary than a banker here to prepare it for his table. The ex-Empress Eugenia's favorite dessert is an al-

mond and cream pie, with old sherry wine flowing. And who dare say aught as to pumpkin pie. The Bostonese skill in domestic science is equal to their intellectual aristocracy of brain. Of such high order that Southern schools and colleges proudly number them on their corps of teachers. In the pulpit, platform and chairs of oligies and isms they are sought and get a better pay than non-pie eaters. So I think we shall study the art of pie making as it may prove a good brain food diet.

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But come to think of it now—I think you mean "political pie." Well that is so, but maybe some have tasted it and it went down on them. It is a difficult pie to manipulate. Great care must be taken as to the mixing ingredients. There are many things highly spiced and especially the upper and lower crust be pressed gently together as Hot Air will burst it open and if too near one will get a scare for life. Well, Calhoun loved chicken pie and the simple life, preferred to sit in a rush bottom chair to that presented him by an empress and the masterpiece of a grand artist was not as beautiful to him as the red hills and green valleys of Oconee. He made no pretense to aristocracy but was honored by the nobility of earth for his intellectual strength of mind and his love for his State.

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Now here comes Scribbler again talking about a "constitutional." What is a "constitutional" any way? I thought only lawyers and members of the legislature dealt in constitution but may be I am wrong for it must evidently have another meaning as well for Scribbler can't be making a law point through a short street. You know when I mention pies I never had in mind almond pies and cream pies and such fine delicacies like that but I was thinking about tater custards and peach pies and apple pies and blackberry pies and such as we country people eat. But I am glad to know that these people like chicken pie because that is an evidence of good taste, to say the least. Now as to political pie I never heard of that and don't know what it means. But I stick to my first statement that we have good people in all of our streets. And for forms and ceremonies I am not much of a stickler. I believe in the good old time religion rather than in the form of it. In doing things rather than in saying things.

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Now if pie is good brain food then I want to get the very best prescription for pie making that Scribbler can furnish for my brain is in great need of nourishment. That is I understand some people have been kind enough to suggest that it needed something—they didn't know just what it was, but I expect it was some of the same kind of pie that the Empress Eugenia had for dessert—that with the wine in it. I think I would be tempted to try it any way. Maybe it would do me some good. The simple life such as Calhoun led up in the old red hills of Oconee. Yes, I am longing for the simple life. But pray tell me how one can live the simple life in this day of mad rush without being run over or forgotten, which is just as bad.

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Monroe Wicker is doing some good work on the streets now. If he just had the opportunity I am sure we would soon have some permanent sidewalks and some good streets in Newberry. We ought to do more permanent work. But that takes money. As a matter of fact a good deal of good work has been done on our streets. That sidewalk by Maves drug store is a good piece of work. Now Friend street ought to be paved to the depot. And that light ought to be put up in Friend street at the union station. But we can't do every thing at once.

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What has become of the chamber of commerce? I do not see anything in the papers about it. The business men ought to get together now and they ought all to belong to the chamber of commerce and then all pull together and talk Newberry and build another mill and never mind about the price of cotton and the

threat of the mills to shut down. If cotton stays up the price of cotton goods is going to stay up. Don't you fret about that. We can never get too many mills in South Carolina, at least until we manufacture more cotton than we grow.

The Idler.

THE SONG BIRD.

From out the recesses of a crimsoning autumn wood came the sweetest notes that ever left a trembling, slender throat of any feathered songster. Deep and rich they rose, and floated in waves of cadence across the pulsing air, and trailed off along the horizon like the last whisper of some half forgotten song. They seemed to only gather melody as they went, and to return to the singer made stronger and sadder in their contact with the world, but at the same time they fell upon the unsuspecting ear of mortals with not so strange a note as when first trilled, because they, in their short journey, had met the blights of earthly griefs, the baffling winds of discouragement and had soared above these in an ecstasy too poignant to even dream of death. Poor little song; frail, tiny melody that spread its gossamer wings in an effort to cheer and brighten a mundane world of grabbing humanity, to leave the warm, red breast of a stalwart, happy little creature, pouring out a heartfelt of silvery, rollicking harmony, only to, at last, leave a pitiful sigh and fold its tired wings in a silence that rests like an awful pall upon the slayers.

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This is what happened to expel the blithe warbler from the green, ever-blooming dales of Halcyon Land.

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A heavy gloom settled down over the earth; just when the little good-bye-to-summers marged the paths with a fringe of white, the lonely, unlovely old Man of Snow and Clouds was making his way down to earth and upon his arrival nothing would be bright. There would be no sound of laughter, no place for joy in the world, and mortals would be wrapped in a mist of tears, from which bondage there would be no relief unless the warmth of happiness from a bird-song could be poured forth upon the listening ears of sad mortals. There was only one such creature in all Halcyon Land that possessed this wonderful capacity for golden song, and he flapped his little, erie wings with a willingness that was pathetic in an eagerness to brave the dire dangers of an unknown world.

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Like a crimson leaf he sailed to earth, his slender throat swelling with pent-up music. He sailed and sailed through eons of space and limitless azure, catching here and there for his song tone and deep intonations and expressions that should tell a tale of joy, and gladness and which would dispel the horrid gloom that went in the wake of the Old Man of Snow and Clouds.

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His poor little wings were all a-tremble with the great flight he had made, when at last he came in sight of the sorrowful world lying deep in hateful silence, nowhere could he find a place to rest his weary little body. No park could he find, with kindly, sheltering arms of leaf-covered boughs.

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The roofs of the houses were hard and cold to tiny, pink feet that had known only the soft bark of trees, and once when he had but lighted on the twig of a tree a sharp crackling noise came after a flash and report, and, terror-stricken, he once more spread his tired little russet wings and betook himself to a clump of woods away from the heart of the town. And here, in these he sat and rocked and poured out his soul in golden measures, and with all his might he sang, so that the song might reach the ears of those for whom he had come to endure this. The russet wings quivered, both with pain and joy, the bright black eyes, shone iridescently brilliant, and the slender, beautiful throat seemed almost bursting in an effort to send the clear, rich notes ringing out

across the distance so there would be no reason for them to arouse only dead echoes of themselves. And at last there was a great burst of radiant sunlight, the flowers all burst into a galaxy of bloom, and the gray garments of the Old Man of Snow and Clouds stood out in bold relief against the mellow blue of the far hills as he hurriedly beat his retreat.

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But this transformation lasted only a short while, just long enough for a deep realization of the meaning of it all to bring its lesson, and then in a wild attempt to keep the world laughing merrily, as the gladness faded away and the old Man of Snow and Clouds returned, the whirling wings sought the shelter of some leafy boughs in the heart of town, but none could he find, only bleak eaves of houses and dejected fences offered him a resting place. But still he sang, the notes growing indescribably sweet and mellow, the slender throat strained every nerve and muscle to prolong the glorious rhapsody, only to lift the veil, only to recall the sunlight. But the Old Man of Snow and Clouds still stayed, and the notes grew faint and more faint. A cold breath stirred the air, the notes came bubbling still but with a wiled, wild strain, and finally with a melancholy sob sank lower and lower, until they ceased altogether.

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The cold settled down and closed about the heart of the golden singer as he swayed forlornly, every nerve tense, and at last fell with a crackle like icicles and the little head eyes stared in frozen dullness.

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Once in a great while, if there is a garden spot of a park in your vicinity there can be heard the sweetest toned song that ever reaches the tired ears of mortals, and he who hears these notes is followed by the greatest of blessings; happiness, contentment and joy will attend him, but he must have in his community a park, or the cold winds of the sordid world will freeze the notes in the singer's throat, and the world will be dreary because it has not known the bewildering melody of this bird-song of Halcyon Land.

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Listen, and you may hear this wonderful song, but first get your park and protect the noble little creature of good cheer. What blessings, then, may come to you.

Mirth.

The Designer for December.

A point too little accented in the divorce problem is what shall become of the children whose parents decide to live apart. Harriet Washburn Stewart takes this up in The Designer for December, in an article entitled, "The Child of the Separation," pointing out stern facts and offering a practical remedy. The child whose parents live apart is a growing problem. There are four million in the United States whose parents do not live together. This is enough to make the most giddy pause and consider.

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Other articles which command attention are "The Church and the New Luxury," by the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, and "Choosing a Husband," by Helen Corinne Hambridge. These articles give some hints not in the routine of our thinking. Dr. Charlotte C. West, a New York physician, warns women about tuberculosis on points not usually emphasized. M. Landon Reed tells how to keep from having a harsh, cracked voice, which is the first thing a foreigner mentions.

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A Christmas relish hangs over the Designer for December. Most magazines Santa Claus on with a trowel; in this magazine it is a sweet breath. It shows Christmas the world around. There is a Christmas day with Paderevski, the great pianist; a trip to the Latin Quarter in Paris on Christmas eve; and a real Christmas story by Anne Warner. A dozen readers tell of "Christmas When I Was a Girl," in a way to send the heart back half a century to maple candy and three-hour sermons.

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The fashions are particularly pleasing, and displayed in color. The latest in furs is given, and suggestions for midwinter excursions into fancy needlework. The number fits the whole house.